

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
JULY 18 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I

NUMBER 23

JANE ADDAMS WILL SPEAK AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH ON SUNDAY EVENING

At an open meeting on Sunday evening at 8:30 of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which she is international president, Miss Addams will speak on "Governmental Steps toward World Peace." The League is increasingly becoming an influence among governments on the planet Earth, for administrative and diplomatic efforts toward permanent international peace, and for that good will among men which will eventually make war an anachronism.

IN MEMORY OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY

Civic bodies of the Monterey Peninsula are engaged in active preparation for the third Serra Pilgrimage, a typical Spanish fiesta which will take place in August. There will be a pageant, showing the landing of Portola at Monterey in 1770, and a Pilgrimage, in which groups dressed as Indians, priests, and soldiers, will wend their way over the hill from Monterey to the Carmel Mission, five miles away, to the grave of Father Serra.

The contra-danza and the jota will be revived in the evenings, in the Spanish hats and costumes once familiar to the life of Monterey. The men of the Peninsula are invited to cultivate long sideburns, reaching below the ears, and the long pointed mustache and the goatee of the old Spanish grandee. A prize is offered to the wearer of the darkest, handsomest, and most copious Spanish beard. It is two hundred and fifteen years since the birth of Father Serra, of the Carmel Mission, founder of civilization in California.

CALIFORNIA FORESTS PAY THEIR ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO THE GOD OF FIRE

Two hundred men are fighting fierce forest fires burning in the Tuolumne district this week, and hundreds of acres of forest have gone to destruction. In the south, fires are burning thickly in the Santa Barbara range, and more helpers have been called for.



Justice between nations, as justice among men, can be founded only upon goodwill.

—Jane Addams.

The City . . .

ON GRATITUDE TO MAYORS

In the last generation so much disillusionment has occurred regarding office-holders in state and city government that it has become almost a habit to assume that a man, if he holds a political office, is corrupt. It was necessary to purge the public mind of its awe of authority and office. In the last years we have learned that neither the priest, the doctor, the judge, nor even the sacred Voice of the People, is the Voice of God.

This knowledge, however, is hard on those decent folk who do consent to hold public office. A man becomes mayor or councilman of a town, and is immediately thereby made the subject of suspicion, criticism, and attack. Newspapers are especially guilty of aggressive attitudes. It is so easy to take a side and assume an attitude of virtuous offence, and behave as though there were in the world a very clear demarcation between the sheep and the goats.

What we do discover, if we look a little closer, is that people are amazingly decent after all. (We must unfortunately except Superintendent of Schools Graves of Monterey until we have made further study, with the help of the courts.) We elect a man mayor, use him, criticize him, and then fire him,—all without a word of thanks and without real understanding of the earnestness of his civic attempt. He steps aside disgruntled and also disillusioned. "No more for me," he says. "I'm through."

In Carmel our mayor receives no salary. He has much work, many problems, and is subject to all sorts of criticism.

Perhaps the best way for a town to secure a good administration is to participate as sympathetically and as cooperatively as possible with that administration. Instead of declaring it weak, to strengthen it by our own intelligent supporting activity.

Every man thrives best within himself when he has the respect of his community. Men enjoy the sense of their own integrity as a part of their personal health. To distrust a man is almost to injure his health and his potential usefulness.

Realizing this the Carmelite announces its intention to abjure all destructively critical civic attitudes, and to assume the best of all mayors and councilmen past present and future, in order to cooperate with them most sympathetically and constructively for the development of this little town which is our common possession and responsibility.

—p. g. s.

Master, obey thy servant clock.
Command it to command.

Yield to its wheels for freedom
from thine own.

—Tor.

THE SALINAS RODEO OPENS TODAY

Amid the "crack of hoofs like shots in a battle," the cheering of cowboys and cowgirls, the blare of cowboy bands, the dust and smells of the arena, California Rodeo, Salinas' own revival of the old west opens today, Wednesday, July 18. For five big days and four big nights, or until the sun drops into Monterey bay on the evening of Sunday, July 22, Salinas will be the Mecca of the buckaroos and peelers of the cattle lands.

Ranches will be virtually abandoned during that period, while guardians of the long horns and herders of saddle stock rally 'round the big paddock where bucking horses, bucking bulls, races of all sorts, roping and other games so dear to the cowboy's heart will vie with the beauty and color of this little valley between the Santa Lucia and Gabilan ranges.

From the moment when "Big Boss" Arthur Hebborn gives the high sign to Majordomo L. A. (Butch) Beevers, and that worthy tosses his hand aloft to fire the gun that will open the show, until the last bull has rushed from the chutes, the last horse has been ridden and the last prize awarded, there will be action.

Already Salinas folk are wearing "rodeo togs," the sombrero, the parti-colored shirt and the neckerchief.

All events of the five days center upon "Colmado del Rodeo," literally translated "The End Of the Round-up" the crowning event of Saturday night. Thousands gather here each year for that event, to dance away the hours until the dawn, for "no one ever sleeps in Salinas on Colmado night."

BREAKING THE LOCK-STEP

The grey walls of the penitentiary will shortly be exchanged for the vistas of the Big Sur region for a group of convicts who are to begin work on the building of the Big Sur highway. The old system of Prison Guards is being somewhat relaxed in the following wise: Instead of being very closely guarded, the men work in groups of fourteen,—and each group is responsible as a whole for the honorable conduct of each. If one individual should escape, all of the rest would forthwith receive punishment for him.

Albert Rhys Williams tells of the Russian people that they have in their language no equivalent for our word "criminal." The man we stigmatize by that name is in Russia called "an unfortunate."

BUT WE CAN'T EAT OUR CAKE AND HAVE IT

"Oil on the Carmel roads?" grieved one who returns here every summer. "And one of my great joys every year has been my first whiff and sniff of Carmel as I rounded the approaching curve!"

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

JULY

- 18 Hagemeyer Studio—4:00. Opening of Henrietta Shore and Edward Weston exhibits. Piano recital by Elsa Naess. The public invited.
- 18-19 Annual Rodeo—at Salinas
- 20-21 World's Championship Bucking Horse contests.
- 19-20 Carmel Playhouse—"The Barker," tragedy-comedy of life on the Carnival lots.
- 22 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 22 Theatre of the Golden Bough—Jane Addams, international president of the Women's International League, in lecture on "Governmental Steps toward World Peace." Lincoln Steffens presiding. The public invited.

And this poem could have been said only by a child (as it was by a three-year-old): No word was altered. It shows, not that the child is a poet, but that free verse is the natural spontaneous expression.

HOME SICK

Mama, let's go home to my house
My house is crying for me.
I mustn't sleep here any more.
I can't sleep in this house
In this Ahwahnee.
In this Yosemite.
We didn't go to my house for a long time.
My house is crying for me
It's crying lots and lots.

APOLOGY

Mr. Stephen Reynolds, former editor of the Carmelite, came into the office last week with fire in his eye, to say that it was not he who "lifted" the paragraphs of Lincoln Steffens from the Carmelite and quoted them in the Examiner. Our apologies to Mr. Reynolds for having supposed so.

NOT LOVE, AFTER ALL?

Mr. Nelson Partridge, Jr., who is business manager of The Argus, a journal of art published monthly in San Francisco, came down for several days of this week to undertake the business direction of The Carmelite. Mr. Partridge says that subscriptions and advertising are what make the world go round.

Monterey County contains 360,000 acres of National Forest, the only one having large groves of Redwoods and an ocean shore line.

Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, indicates a system of deficient vitality; while a faculty for idleness implies a Catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity.

—R. L. S.

Carmel News

Miss Jane Addams has been very much the guest of honor at as many events as a frail body, arrived for rest in Carmel, and for the renewal of affectionate play with relatives from Riverside, could allow. On Saturday Anne Martin was host at an evening reception in her honor, to which many came. On Tuesday the American Association of University Women were invited to meet her at Asilomar. On Wednesday nearly thirty members of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom were the guests of Mrs. Esther Teare at a luncheon for Miss Addams at the Mission Tea House.

Yet still more moving as an expression of the world's affection for Miss Addams, was the simple gesture of Eleanor Smith. Miss Smith knows the life of blossom and bud and forest growth about Carmel. Into the cushioned luxury of La Playa she brought a simply-composed basket of wild bloom for Miss Addams, still moist and perfumed with earth-smells.

HYPER-ACTIVITY IN THE FIELD OF PLAYWRITING

Every mail these days brings from two to five plays for entrance in the play competition being held by the Theater of the Golden Bough, and open to California playwrights. Plays have come in from Visalia to Hollywood. How good or bad they are no one knows, for their sacred secrecy has not yet been broken. The jury of the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough will break the seals on the first of August, and make its choice within a week. The prizewinning play will be produced in Carmel late next month.

HARD TIMES

Whenever one of these young men comes to my door to sell subscriptions to the world's worst magazines, on the excuse that he is working his way through college, I want to thrust a nickle, or even a dime, into his hand, saying, "There, my poor man. Go and buy yourself an education with this. But spare me your periodicals."

Yet when this week I observed an intelligent and presentable gentleman faithfully going the rounds of Carmel with a patent can-opener and scissors-grinder to sell, his voice screwed up to the pitch calculated to register enthusiasm for the thing, but with apology in his eye, I thought "Times are hard, unemployment general. Perhaps this man has wife and child at home, and is breaking his heart over the patent can-opener."

BUT I did not buy one. For unemployment due to flaws in an economic system is not cured that way. (Meanwhile peach-growers vigorously discuss the plan to destroy a fifth of this year's crop, in order to "stabilize" prices.)

People . . .

REMEMBER THE MAINE

Don Ryan, Los Angeles journalist and liberal, just down from San Francisco, sat before a Carmel fireplace smoking.

"I saw Tom Mooney up there," he began meditatively. "Went out to the San Quentin penitentiary to have a chat with him. It is almost twelve years since he went in."

Groping back into the caverns of memory, we remembered the time of the sensational Mooney trial, and the condemnation to life-imprisonment of a man whom the liberal and labor groups throughout the country believed with certainty to have been the victim of a "frame-up." Like the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which aroused passionate public protestation throughout the world, in Paris, Vienna, Moscow, the Mooney case has caused United States justice to be questioned.

"His hair is white now," went on Don Ryan, "and he still hopes against hope to be freed some day. He was offered a parole, you know. But none that would do him any good at all. He would have been under constant surveillance of an officer, couldn't have gone to a labor meeting or have a discussion with his friends; couldn't have taken the ferry from San Francisco to Oakland without having to go first through the rigmarole of getting a special permit.

"His mind seems almost set in the groove of his desire for freedom, and he lives on that hope. He told me that there is a possibility that the Civil Liberties Bureau may arrange to have the Twelfth Anniversary of his imprisonment celebrated in several cities of the country with public mass meetings.

"Of course it is difficult for him to speak frankly of things in a prison interview, because it is under the supervision of a guard. Yet the guards at San Quentin seemed to like him. One of them put his hand affectionately on his shoulder and called him Tom.

"One of the other prisoners I had a word with too, said that Tom Mooney is the inspiration of the men."

Twelve years. And perhaps twelve more. And twelve more. The mills of the penal system grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small.

There has been an epidemic of play-reading. Rem read his "Inchling" the other night at the Henry Dickinsons' to a chortling group. Neville Brush intoned the solemnly rhythmic beauties of George Sterling's play "Lilith" on Monday evening before a number of people in the Tom Cator studio.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Auzeais will leave Carmel on Sunday and sail on the twenty-eighth for Panama.

Personal Bits . .

WHY WE KEEP THE COAL IN THE BATHTUB

"The children had four different kinds of baths," said George Blackman, just returned with a vast horde of Blackmans of the second and third generation from ten days in their log cabin at the Big Sur.

"The first day they found a waterfall. Off they stripped their clothes, and slid in under. Cold and delicious.

"The next morning they went from the log cabin above the cliffs inland, and found a little lake, and bathed.

"The third day they scrambled down the precipitous rock-ledges several hundred feet to the ocean froth at the foot. And in they went.

"And finally they made a little swimming hole all their own, by discovering a thin trickle of a stream up in the woods, and damming it with logs and stones until it had broadened out considerably. It was muddy and thick, but they were so proud of their handiwork that the youngsters said it gave the best swim of all."

Viola and Roger Sturtevant, proud of their new Jugtown teapot, invite everybody to tea any summer afternoon at four. Also, if you arrive early and before it's all gone, to cake.

Mr. Ball, father of David Ball of Hatton Fields, is staying at La Playa. A world-traveller, he is just back from Egypt, with some 35,000 feet of picture film, which he has taken on his travels.

Don Ashbaugh, sports editor of a southern California newspaper, the Glendale News, and Mrs. Ashbaugh, passed through Carmel this week on a vacation jaunt. When we asked him what we should mention about him in this little news item, he replied, "Nothing. You know journalists have little hunger for publicity." We gave a sigh of joy.

The Baroness von Meyerinck, of San Francisco, spent the week-end in Carmel. Herself a musician, the teacher of several singers known to concert audiences, and the originator of a method of sight-singing, Madame von Meyerinck announced herself so enchanted with Carmel and its atmosphere that she will return occasionally during the summer for the direction of a group of grown-ups who wish to sing rounds and songs, and to learn those elements of sight-reading which are so neglected in present-day education.

Mrs. Stephen Reynolds has been welcomed back to Carmel after an absence of several months in the north.

The Theatre . . .

HENRY COWELL AND THE NEW MUSIC OF THE PIANO

Slowly the lights of the Golden Bough dimmed, the stage darkened, and Henry Cowell at the piano became a blue shadow against the curtain.

He opened his program with "The Snows of Fujiyama," a composition whose cool and slender theme sparkles with an icy beauty. The tone clusters with which it glitters are of course Cowell's contribution to the music of his time.

The program was a study of the development of the tone-cluster principle when used as a "method" by a versatile artist of unusually free imagination. Of these, some are small in range, and contribute a scintillating brilliance to simple diatonic thematic material. It is as though the tones had passed through a sound-prism, and been broken up into their parts and overtones.

The heavier clusters, played with the forearm (one must not watch these recitals with the eye,) blur the tone richly, as if they were being heard slightly out of focus, like the photographic idealization of a subject.

But the still broader development of the tone cluster, as heard in the mighty "Antinomy," engulfs the hearer in great billowing sound-waves, drowns him in the vast tide, and causes him to enter new worlds. This is the "pleroma," the "fulness of sound," of Rudhyar.

In this composition, "Antinomy," Cowell has done a very beautiful thing, as well as one important to the future development of music. He has found a new way to use sound. He has transcended what were supposed to be the limitations of the piano as an instrument. Busoni wrote, not so many years ago, a little book in which he indicated that the piano had been "all used up," and that we should next have to begin making instruments using smaller intervals,—the third-tone, the quarter-tone. Such instruments have been made,—but Cowell proves their unnecessary, for he discovers for us enormous unguessed riches of the old instrument.

Henry Cowell has played with tones as the sculptor plays with clay, and let the miracle of invention happen. "The Banshee," whose music was enhanced by being heard in total darkness, is what happens when a poet plays with sound. "Advertisement" is another brilliantly creative tone-adventure.

We venture to guess that if at the end of the program somebody had suddenly played a Valse of Chopin, the audience would have burst into roars of laughter.

From his audience Henry Cowell evoked something of an inspired listening. Audience and composer entered the adventure together, and came out of it warm friends.

—pauline g. schindler.



(This is how Alberte Spratt, modern painter, heard the music of Henry Cowell):

My reaction was as though the sound were color. Colors no palette could convey, and only a palette of pure color could hint at.

Domnu, the Mother of Waters—rhythmic,—endless beat,—The movement that must never cease. Repetition of deep blue jade—ecstasy points of brilliant light. Bound with pure violet shadows.

The Banshee, Ascending spiral—out of the blue blackness. Lighter—lighter.—Something of the agony of the Banshee's wail of suffering. The break of separation as the human element, severed from the spiritual is left behind.—And always the ascending spiral.—Back to the light.

Tiger.—Yellows—gleaming points of light.—Circles of black.—No Blues.—No chords of primary or secondary colors, but yellows.—Blazing their way into consciousness.

Advertisement.—The modern electric sign.—Hot jagged waves of red, yellow.—In intolerable physical juxtaposition to the violent electric blues.—An unbearable tensivity and speed.—Modernity.

Stimulating music — Dissonances — The built-up layer-after-layer of conflicting color tones to make the ultimate harmony — (as I myself paint.)

—Alberte Spratt.

Mr. Harrison Williams, pianist, long of Carmel, but more recently living in the south, is in Carmel for a week.

Mrs. Ethel Stevens of Portland has chosen Carmel as a place where she can practice the violin, in preparation for the winter season, undisturbed.

THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

JULY 16, 17 MON. TUES
7 and 8:45

"LOVE"

WITH JOHN GILBERT
and GRETA GARBO

JULY 18, 19 WED. THURS.
7 and 8:45

"HONEYMOON HATE"

WITH FLORENCE VIDOR

JULY 20, 21 FRI. SAT.
7 and 8:45

"GENTLEMEN PREFER
BLONDES"

WITH RUTH TAYLOR

SPECIAL ATTRACTION!

ELSA NAESS, Pianist
IN A GROUP OF PIANO SOLOS

JULY 22 SUN.
8:30 P. M.

JANE ADDAMS

LECTURE — TO THE PUBLIC
Auspices Carmel Branch of W. I. L.

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

"TO THE LADIES"

Comedy by Kaufman and Connolly
Directed by Morris Ankrum

JULY 26 · 27 · 28

The Abalone League presents

THIS WEEK—THUR. FRI. SAT.

THE BARKER

A Tragi-Comedy
of

Life on the Carnival Lots
and

Without the Pagliacci Motif

Carmel Playhouse

Seats Now
Staniford's Carmel 150

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WHOOPEE-E-E-E! LE'S GO! to the

17th Annual
California

RODEO

SALINAS

July 18 to 22

Where the Old West
and New West Meet

\$1 for Bleachers
and \$60 for Box s

World's Championships
Bucking Horse Contest
Bull Riding Contest
One Man Steer Roping
Team Roping Contest

Cowboy Pony Express
Cowgirl Pony Express

Calf Riding for Boys
Bulldogging—Yea Bo!
Fancy Roping Contests
Wild Hoss Racing!!!

GOLDEN STATE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, July 18

ADOLPHE MENJOU

in "HIS TIGER LADY"
with EVELYN BRENT

Thurs. and Fri., July 19-20

"THE DRAG NET"

Saturday, July 21

Thomas Meighan in

"THE RACKET"

At the Matinee for the Children
Special Novelty "Pony Races"
You May Win a Prize

Sunday, July 22

Bebe Daniels in

"HOT NEWS"

On the Stage
5 ACTS GOLDEN STATE
VAUDEVILLE

Monday and Tuesday, July 23-24

GILDA GRAY in

"THE DEVIL DANCER"

B. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

The Theatre . . .

"THE RIVALS" STILL UNRIVALLED

The revival of "The Rivals," played at the Carmel Playhouse last week by the Reginald Travers Players of San Francisco, brought back both the buffoonery of a past century and its exquisite finish of manner. Under the humor and the delicious absurdity of the play, this finish was the quality most enjoyed. Emelie Melville, playing Mrs. Malaprop, presented this quality with an extraordinary satirical grace. Each syllable was weighted with the double weight of humor and dignity, and listened for with suspense by the audience. Vernon Leftwich as Bob Acres cleverly achieved a combination of the lovable and the comical. Reginald Travers, director, as Sir Anthony Absolute, was a dynamic caricature. And Miss Fay Wynne, in the part of Lucy, gathered into one wisp of a butterfly, the gracious lightness of the dancer and the irresponsible loveliness of the flirt.

AND THEY CAME EARLY

Nearly three hundred children, of assorted sizes, colors, and ages, saw the Children's Movie Matinee at the Golden Bough on Wednesday afternoon. Especially selected by the University of California, the films included folk and nature tales, studies of plant growth, and news of world adventure. "Please, I want to see the King again," said one small boy after Puss in Boots. The others all looked cheerful when it was announced from the platform that there might be more such afternoons for them.

BROADWAY OR CARMEL?

(Is it good form to write damningly of a comic opera written by the editor of "the other newspaper?" We are torn between the horns of dilemma,—editorial friendship or critical honesty? But our critic was adamant.)

Overnight, Carmel disguised itself as The Great White Way. While Henry Cowell played in the Golden Bough, while Emelie Melville gave her delightful interpretation of "The Rivals" at the Playhouse, "A Princess of Araby" also ran under the astonished pines of the Forest Theater. One could wish that it had run a little further—preferably to Araby—before it stopped to play.

A crude and infelicitous attempt to weld together two essentially dissimilar tales—Cinderella and Aladdin—"jazzed up" with wise-cracks (which rarely got a laugh) and further enlivened (?) by dances of vulgarity. The music was that strange mixture of slushy sentimentalism and would-be farcicality which seems to be judged appropriate to a certain type of operetta. Even so, it might at moments have saved the situation if the orchestra

had realized the elemental necessity of playing together, or if the chorus had been better balanced.

One often hears of Carmel productions, that they are "too highbrow." Surely such critics should have turned out en masse Friday and Saturday. Yet, on the night I had the misfortune to attend, the seats were scantily filled and the applause scarcely seemed to warrant the numerous encores of solo and duet.

There are traditions to be observed, as well as traditions to be flouted. Even the younger generation, I assume, admits that. And among the former is surely the Forest Theater tradition of worth-while productions, admirably put on. Is it necessary, on the plea of modernity, to turn our backs on that?

—Katherine Parrott Gorringe.

"THE BARKER" AT THE CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

The Abalone League will stage this week-end "The Barker," the drama about circus life. Rehearsals have been going on the past week until one and two o'clock at night, a half a day last Saturday and all day Sunday.

To one unfamiliar with carnival slang, the barker may be explained as the pompous orator who stands on the box at the tent entrance to the side show and lures the customers in with his high-sounding phrases. George Schmitz who plays the title role made his initial appearance on the local stage in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," the first play on the Abalone program.

Playing the part of Kalima, the hula dancer, or Carrie, is Louise Greatwood, who was formerly on the professional stage for three years. She toured the country with the famous Kolb and Dill duo and left the stage only a year and a half ago.

The other important feminine role is being undertaken with gusto by Sally Maxwell, who has been a favorite on the local stage but has not appeared in a role since "The Butter and Egg Man." Sally as Lou, the Snake Charmer, imparts to this character the aggressiveness and color that the role entails.

The lead juvenile role is being essayed by Alan Habberley, a summer resident of Carmel. Alan has recently returned from Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, where he is a sophomore. He was active in the Rice Dramatic Club there as an actor and stage manager. His role, as Chris, the son of Nifty, the barker, is a part that requires unsophistication and youthful innocence.

Patty Mora gave, last Sunday at the Carmel Playhouse, a piano recital of compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Scriabin, Albeniz. The next step in the development of this young artist is the achievement of ease and familiarity with audiences. The more she is heard, the better.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

Published weekly by Pauline G. Schindler
at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel

Subscription rates, two dollars the year;
five cents the copy

Entered as second class matter February
21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel,
California, under the act of March 3, 1879

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Editorials . . .

THE FREEDOM OF CARMEL

It is said that environment moulds men, as well as other forms of life. If that be true, then the inhabitants of Carmel should be beautiful. No, don't laugh: not yet. It takes time for the conditions of life to work their effects, and our town is a new community, comparatively. It is a baby compared with the sea and with the beach the tides are still pounding into shape. It is a child compared with Point Lobos which the waves are not yet done with. The oldest Carmelite is middle-aged compared with the cypresses on the Seventeen Mile Drive. Our momentary theory is that, when we are as old as, let us say—not the sea or Point Lobos, these ancients are too old even for human prophesy—no, but when Carmel is as old as the cypresses, we, the people of Carmel, may be as beautiful as the cypresses, and our town will be as lovely as we are.

You would not like to look like those wracked and crooked old hills? Why not! You—or your painters, who represent you more truly than (we hear) your political representatives do—not one of your artists will deny that the most twisted of those old experienced trees is beautiful. And you—or your writers, who cannot but express you—any writer knows that, for sheer beauty, the tried and developed and fully formed old people are, like the old trees, way, way beyond the smooth mere promise of youth which so often breaks its given word. Crookedness and wrinkles can be charming, if the twisted lines are the plain record of storms survived.

Anyhow, the resisting rocks of Pinos Point and the crooked cypresses of Lobos and the pleasant woods and the wrinkled roads of Carmel are, either the environment that is forming man or the prophecies of his final—beauty. Which, we submit, is more beautiful than the best pros-

pects of, say, Salinas, or Chicago, or, to go the limit, Boston.

And, besides, it is said also that man does affect and can improve his environment. In brief: we can make Carmel as beautiful as we are, or we can let Carmel make us as beautiful as Carmel. We are safe, we Carmelites, as the people in some other places are not safe, even if we choose not to control but to be controlled, to smile like the wild flowers or to weep like the cypresses or to pound away like the waves of the sea.

WHAT IS FREEDOM

A certain man who wished to be free, found himself prejudiced by a long and rather bitter fight on the side of labor. He knew his state of mind and he knew also that he could not reason himself right. His thinkings were an effect, not a cause of conduct. To regain his balance of mind, therefore, he chose an environment which would tend to change his mind. He avoided all labor men for months, and associated only with capitalists that employed labor; he forced himself thus to see the labor problem from the employer's point of view, till he got where he could see again that neither side was either right or wrong.

He had made his environment and the environment had made him free.

LAUGHTER WITHOUT GLEE

There was a lot of laughter and some good humor in the Pine Cone last week and the week before and the week before that; and, though they don't talk about it the way we do, there will undoubtedly be things to laugh over in that paper next week and the week after that. Which may seem to render our policy of organized laughter ridiculous and our very existence superfluous. Not so. There is a difference between the impulsive practices of our light competitor and the solid, sober, thoughtful theory of their competitor. The Pine Cone makes the mistake of enjoying its own humor and encourages Carmel to laugh just for the fun of it. This is wrong; it is frivolous; it is almost sinful. We hold to our wistful belief that laughter should be, not an expression of spontaneous merriment, but an art, an organized duty done for the health of the laughter and preached for the welfare of the community as a whole. It would advertise us if the outside world should hear the sound of joy rising hence; it would bring tourists and investors; it might even raise the price of our real estate and our pictures and—everything.

Fremont Older, who sends us the articles on "Bad People," is the editor of the San Francisco Call, and has made us very proud by becoming a part of the Carmelite also.

FREMONT OLDER ON

"BAD PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN"

You ask me to write about "Bad" people. If I were to start rambling along on that subject I would occupy too much of your space, and dull your otherwise bright little paper. I will tell you a story that will illustrate my attitude toward the so-called "bad" people.

Fifteen years ago while I was Editor of The Bulletin I received a letter from a woman in the women's county jail, who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. She wanted me to call on her, thinking perhaps I could save her from going to prison. I visited her, but after talking with her found that nothing could be done to help her. It was her second sentence for forgery.

While talking with her, I noticed that the jail was a very clean place. There was lots of sunlight, and the inmates were cleanly dressed and seemed happy. I had visited many jails before, but never had seen one like this, and it interested me. I asked my woman friend, the forger, who was responsible for these conditions. "Mrs. Ryan, the superintendent," she replied.

Before leaving I hunted up Mrs. Ryan and made her acquaintance, complimenting her on her being able to make a jail an agreeable place to live in. I was so much impressed by what I had seen that I assigned a special writer to make a page story about the jail for the Saturday Bulletin, and I had a large picture of Mrs. Ryan in the center of the page.

A few days after the publication of the story I happened to look out into the local room from my office and there stood an old lady, whom I knew very well as a fanatical reformer, glaring at me, and holding up this page, pointing with a trembling finger at Mrs. Ryan's picture.

"Did you know, Mr. Older, that that woman leads an immoral life?"

"I don't know anything about Mrs. Ryan's morals," I said "and they are none of my business. Her body is her own and she can do as she pleases with it. All I know is that she runs a nice, clean jail. That is sufficient for me."

"Oh! That is your point of view, is it? I suppose you like prostitutes."

"Not especially," I said. "But I have known one or two in the course of my work on The Bulletin that I thought were women of very fine character, fine sympathies, and with unusual understanding of life."

Mrs. Brown, in a frenzy, staggered toward the elevator, speechless.

Many months afterwards I looked up from my desk and Mrs. Brown was standing in the doorway, smiling at me, but rather abashed. I greeted her cordially. "How do you do, Mrs. Brown? It is a long time since I have seen you."

"Yes, but in the meantime I have done a lot of thinking, Mr. Older, and I have come to the conclusion that you were right and I was wrong in that little controversy we had about Mrs. Ryan."

Poems . . .

NOT DANTE ONLY

Every man has his Beatrice,
Though unconfessed—
The perfect spirit—she
Who lies upon his breast
Never can be.
But Beatrice is high
In Paradise, gazing at God;
The other is close by
And warm of blood.
Thus she of earth and she of heaven,
The bride,
Become identified.
Holy communion, this—
Love's transubstantiation,
Giving the disembodied kiss
An earthly habitation.

—Sara Bard Field.

How perplexing for a tortoise
with ages in his shell,
To dwell
in a transient race of rabbits.

—Tor.

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT THE CARMELITE

"I think there is too much of everything in the Carmelite. You overdo whatever you do. The essence of a sport is the art thereof, the joy of a newspaper is that it is an art,—when the editor is an artist. Remember the New York Sun under Dana? I would like to see my editor-in-chief a balanced artist as well as a good sport, a master of opinion, of English, of makeup, of business, and each issue a mastered work of art."

—An Editor.

"I thought the Carmelite very interesting but too coldly intellectual. Personally I should like the paper to be more intimate and warmer. But probably I am wrong. My wife liked it immensely and flatly turned down my criticism."

—Another Editor.

"I think the type of matter which your paper is devoted to is, after all, the most important news in the world."

Experience is what you get when you are looking for something else.

WHAT THEY WANT TO BE, AND WHY

A few weeks ago we published an interview with some of this year's high school graduates in which they told what they wanted to be. Now comes an article from a Russian paper, the organ of the Central Committee of the Association of Educational Workers of the U. S. S. R. on the ideals of Village Pupils.

These are some of the answers:

What I would like to be

Why?

I BOYS

Shoemaker.

Because I should never be out of work. The work is done in a warm room. I should have good food every day. The income is good.

Teacher.

I want there to be fewer illiterate. The conditions of life are not difficult. I should always be in the fresh air. I shall be more cultured myself. The salary is good. It will help to bring culture to the people.

Shopkeeper.

I could eat cakes and gingerbread every day. It gives much money and the work is easy.

Butcher.

I like to kill the animals.

Bookkeeper.

To work eight hours.

Soldier.

To shoot.

II GIRLS

Maid-Servant.

To earn one's livelihood.

Shop-Keeper.

To live in luxury.

Lady Cashier.

An easier life than that of a peasant woman. I like to count money.

Scholar.

To be of use to the Soviet State.

Profiteer.

A great sum of money.

Lady.

To do nothing.

These peasant children were also asked whom of all the people they had seen, heard of, or read about they would like to resemble. Most of the ideals were people who neither smoked nor drank, who knew their work and earned much. One remark ran: "All technical workers are clever, kind, and nobody laughs at them." One wanted to be like Lenin because, among other things "as a child he had pretty curls and a fine forehead."

So perhaps after all Russians are no wiser than we are.

RANDOM NOTES ON YOSEMITE

(From Our Special Correspondent)

As the astronomer turns for rest and for light from the stars to the atom, so a tourist, sated and finally oppressed with the splendid magnitude of the stone mountains of Yosemite, turns for relief to the equal beauty of the tiny wild flowers of the valley, comparatively as small as atoms and as perfect as the rocks. Yosemite should be as famous for its little things as for its big things.

* * * *

What particularly strikes a foreigner about Yosemite is that it is unlike anything in Europe. Lake Tahoe can be compared to Swiss lakes, the Sierras to the Alps or Dolomites, San Francisco's Italian quarter to a Mediterranean village. Yosemite has no European double.

* * * *

All the roads in Yosemite are paved, and beautifully paved (for autos), wide and smooth and regular. Yet Yosemite has not become townified. Speed limits of fifteen and twenty miles obtain over the entire park and are fairly generally adhered to; people stop their cars to watch deer and wild bear and birds; and in general automobiles, though they are thick as fire-crackers on July 4th, do not spoil the country beauty of the place. They fade away in the contemplation of the trees and meadows and rocks.

You feel a respect that is almost reverence to Yosemite the moment you enter its gates and there is no traffic signal in the whole of Yosemite Park.

* * * *

Europe prides itself on its ancient traditions and monuments—churches, mosques, villages, palaces, stone ruins. You contemplate Stonehenge and your mind rebuilds the Druid period; you go to the Coliseum, and live over in imagination "the grandeur that was Rome." And everyone is very learned and dutiful and reverential about it, and not a little superior and pompous to the poor American who has no traditions.

And then you come to Yosemite and find trees that were born before Christ, that were striplings when the oldest European monument was not conceived of; rocks that put history in the shade. And everyone is rather simple and natural about it, like the trees.

There was a clever party the other night at the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. Henry Cowell improvised a complete opera in three acts, singing the parts of the virile hero and the languishing heroine himself, not to mention the duo of the romantic pair, and their trios with the disapproving mother (alto) and the indignant father (basso profundo). The audience moreover agreed unanimously that Henry is no mere modern composer,—but (what is even more important) a good fellow besides.

Peter's Paragraphs

The doctor was paying a social call. The child who had been under his care came into the room and found his doctor drinking tea.

"But I am all better!" expostulated the child.

The grown-ups laughed.

But don't we all do something very similar when we put people into categories, and don't let them come out for any other purpose than that with which we have ticketed them? Jerome K. Jerome broke his heart because his reading public would not let him write serious books after "Three Men in a Boat." "They know I'm a humorist!" he said bitterly, "and I have to remain one for the rest of my life!"

The making of a newspaper is an art, even though the copies of it are printed on a machine, like mass production. In an art, every detail has to be artificially done, not only the writing but the make-up, the deliveries to subscribers, the advertising and the accounting are essential to a newspaper; and the Editor should be an artist.

All the arts make propaganda. The artist does not know it, but great critics do and their art is to see and say what the artist meant to put over. Goethe did it for Shakespeare.

The cliché: "I don't know art but I know what I like" is absurd because it is not true. Only a very wise man knows what he likes, and he knows also that his taste changes as artists with their art develop his sense of beauty. Modern art has had to teach men of taste to like it, as they do.

A child seeing the waterfall formed by the Merced River flowing into Yosemite, pictured the characteristic of the sight like a genius: which an untaught child is.

"Isn't it slow!" he said.

"Oh, but the crowds spoil Yosemite in summer! Don't go there in summer!" Everyone cries. Not so. Solitude is as possible there as in a great city. The beauty of the Sierras is within you.

Many people behave in a certain way. When the behavior leads to action which offends against the laws of society, the perpetrator becomes a criminal.

"All criminals should be punished" said the psycho-analyst.

"All criminals have a compulsion neurosis," he said.

"What do you do with people with compulsion neuroses?"

"Put them in hospitals" said the doctor.

If we could abolish the word 'criminal' we

might be able to deal with the problem of crime.

Anger is like drink; when you are intoxicated enough your real views come out.

Perhaps that is why the younger generation in America is so frank. Drinking hard, much and in secret, it has thrown off so many of the inhibitions and hypocrisies which polite society demands, that frankness has become, instead of an occasional bad break, a good habit.

Strange that the politest society, the greater the lies it requires.

"Curious," said the psycho-analyst, "with all that human beings have done they have not achieved individual happiness; most individuals are unhappy."

If people could take a biological point of view there would be few human tragedies. Perhaps that is why God can bear it.

"It is fine" said the novelist, "to kill off your characters. Then you don't have to deal with them any more."

Maybe that is why God kills us off.

Whenever an artist puts his mind on his work, he is a student, not an artist. The actual making of a masterpiece is possible only after the conscious thought is over and the work as subconscious as the driving of a car by an expert with his arm around a girl.

The improvers are improving Yosemite and the way they are doing it suggests that it is not the improvements, but the art of the improvements that should be the test of a plan for Carmel.

Don't have the tonsils out of a child. It turns a comfortable, gentle, well-behaved little angel into a healthy, growing roughneck.

The Youngest Set

Leon Wilson, (15) son of Harry Leon Wilson, is home for the vacation from Hill Military School at Portland, Oregon. He is staying with his aunt, Miss Kit Cooke, at Hatton Fields. He is engaged in preparing a marionette show, making his own puppets, costume and stage sets, and writing his own play. Puppets have been Leon's hobby for some years.

Children experiment with words the way scientists experiment with acids or painters play with colours. They try them out in different combinations and see where they like them best. Thus one three-year-old objected to having a certain pair of pants put on him. "I don't like those pants" he said, "they make me nervous." Then he saw that his shoes were not in a neat row on the floor. "My shoes are not comfortable" he complained. And a small boy was playing alone in a garden, making up

a dialogue with an imaginary companion: "Where are you going so independence?" asked the companion.

"Oh, just up the garden path, expectation" was the reply.

Listening to children's conversation will sometimes do as much for one's scientific curiosity about the origins of language as going out among the savages of the Polynesian Islands. A mother, staying in bed one morning, told her child she had stomach-ache. Later the three-year-old saw her getting up. "Mama, has your tummy-ache gone from you?" he asked. So the august translators of the James I Version must have unbended enough to listen to children for inspiration.

And that is where poets and children meet. "The grave arrangement of the evening" could only have been said by a child if it had not been said by a poet.

Nursery schools are doing something for non-nursery schools that all schools and parents should be grateful for. They are changing the nature of reports. The old school report sent stiffly by post in secret to the avenging parent would run: "Attendance: 6 late, 7 absent: Fair. Conduct: Could be better. Intelligence: Does not apply herself as well as she could."

The following is a copy of the latest report brought home by hand by one of the newest pupils at our local Nursery School, and handed over the garden hose to his parent: "P. put a stick in his clay this morning, put a clay cap on it and told me it was a chimney stepping up! I said: 'Your work is very good, Pete; I am awfully pleased.' Don't mention it, don't mention it," he answered.

Cedric Rowntree of Carmel Highlands, (16) motored, a few days ago, to Estes Park, Colorado, with Viola Lathom, a young English woman who is writing a book on the flora of Estes Park. Cedric has taken a job as chauffeur and handy man. It is his first big trip away from home, and he was homesick, but having met up with Eric Collins (yes, our very own Eric Collins of the First Edition Bookshop) he is feeling better in the common pastime of exchanging views on Carmel.

Philip MacDougal, (8) a pal of Cedric's, was visiting his mother and heard about the homesickness. Philip is wise, and moreover, sympathetic. He did not want Cedric or his mother to suffer. "Write to him" he said, "and remind him that in Life, the Bitter comes before the Sweet."

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

—Emily Dickinson.

World News . . .

Katherine Parrott Gorringer

From all over the country protests have poured in on the Federal Radio Commission against the closing of the station WEVD, the only broadcasting station of the Socialist party. The notice served in May that their license would not be renewed, since "no public interest, convenience or necessity was thereby served" is interpreted as a political move against a party too poor to buy time on a commercial wireless. But professors of Yale, Oberlin, Ohio, Mt. Holyoke and other colleges look on it also as a suppression of free speech, which is guaranteed by the radio law. A reversal of the ruling is under consideration.

* * * *

A dirty scheme to encourage snoopers has been hatched at Prohibition Enforcement headquarters. Rewards of from \$5 to \$200 are offered for information leading to the arrest of anyone selling or having a store of liquor. What a chance to get even with your dearest enemy! And incidentally, may it not prove a two-edged sword in the hands of those that would wield it?

* * * *

A sop to Cerberus—no! a crumb to Lazarus is thrown the pedestrian by the National Street Safety Conference at Washington. If, under the false aegis of a safety signal he starts across a street, he is entitled to keep on his way, even if the signal changes. But just how does this prevent his being killed by a car which has obeyed the signal for starting while the pedestrian legally, but alas! fatally, has defied it.

* * * *

Seven more survivors of the Italia have been rescued by the ice-breaker, Krassin. Two had been on a floating bit of ice, without food, for thirteen days. The third member of this smaller party, Dr. Finn Malmgren, noted Swedish meteorologist, had died from cold and exhaustion. Of the two missing rescue parties, Captain Sora and his companion have been picked up by a Finnish airplane; and report has it that the Russian ice-breaker, Maligin, has discovered Amundsen and Guilbaud.

* * * *

Captain Emilio Carranza, Mexican flying ace, on his way home through New Jersey, was killed apparently by lightning, which tore away the wings of his plane.

* * * *

Down the Rue Pantin the other day drove an old Berlin cabby, in his high, patent leather hat—"iron Gustav" with his old horse Grasmus, that had brought him all the way from Berlin to Paris. "Bon Jour, Grandpapa!" cried the little French girls; the inn-keepers along the way brought him out Moselle and champagne; the autos gave him the right-of-way on the roads; and at Paris, six old French cabbies were disinterred from oblivion to serve

him as a guard of honor.

But

In a little valley near Mt. St. Helena, a carful of American 100 percenters fired shots into a camp of Japanese schoolgirls, shouting "Drive out the Japs!" Fortunately the children, ranging from three to fourteen years had been put to bed by the Catholic sisters who had them in charge and no one was injured, physically. Does propaganda bite harder and last longer in America than in France?

* * * *

Again Germany leads the van toward peace by being the first nation to accept the revised draft of the Kellogg multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war. Italy and France have followed her lead, and Great Britain has given unofficial information of its endorsement. With the determined backing of popular endorsement this treaty, which has often been spoken of as a mere governmental gesture may be galvanized into general action.

* * * *

120 delegates from the liberal and democratic parties of Europe have met in convention in London.

According to Lloyd George "This is the first endeavor that has ever been made to bring the representatives of the liberalism of Europe together to confer on matters of common interest."

In the House of Commons, too, a National Council for the Prevention of War has been sitting. Both of these conventions have urged on a reluctant government to the signing of the Kellogg treaty.

* * * *

In their laboratories in New York, the Bell Telephone company have been demonstrating their improved sunlight television apparatus. While a man on the roof of the laboratory served tennis balls, golfed and boxed, his actions were repeated in perfect detail on a screen of 2x3 inches in the laboratory, on another floor. New television uses sunlight in picking up the image instead of the strong artificial light formerly needed. The figures were clear as in an average movie, though marred somewhat by a paper-thin film, moving above the image. This, however, it is hoped, can be eliminated.

* * * *

The Boy Scouts of America will not upbraid their grandmothers, mothers and big sisters, when they meet them smoking in public, as was rashly suggested by Cleveland Scout officials.

* * * *

San Francisco Low-brows are now having a lovely time protesting against the production there of The Captive. The Press reports criticisms from the District Attorney, the President of This or That Club, the Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction and other Literary Lights. Invariably they preface their scathing remarks with the naive confession "I have not read the play but—" Perhaps if they had read it they might less blandly characterize it as 'propaganda for vice!'

The Arts . . .

IF THEY HAVEN'T ANY BREAD,
WHY DON'T THEY EAT CAKE?

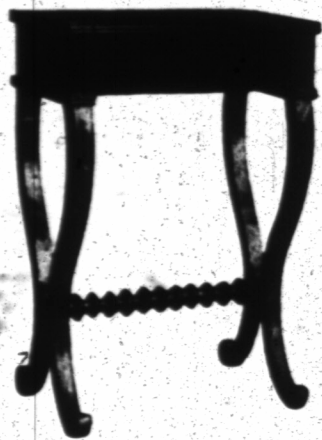
Art for Bread-and-Butter's Sake is the desperate expedient of many a painter who really paints because he can't help it. Henrietta Shore, modernist, sounded a little bitter about this the other day when she reminded us that paintings and works of art on exhibit are for sale. Even painters must eat; and it is for this nuisance of a reason that they are not only willing to part with their created children, but even appealingly anxious to do so. She implies that artists have no peculiar prejudice against paying their grocer's bills; that in fact they actually like to be on good terms with them. Their only hope is to be so much understood in their work that the layman will want to live with their paintings in his home. The problem is to communicate the passion of the artist to those who can buy.

In this respect we must record two recent triumphs. Edward Weston, photographer AND artist, on his way to his exhibit in San Francisco by way of Carmel, arrived driving a Packard car. (When we revealed this to Roger Sturtevant of Carmel (also photographer AND artist) he exclaimed "O ** **!" And the Carmel Art Gallery reports the sale of a picture, "Light in the Harbor," from the current exhibit of Charlton Fortune.

But there are some artists too proud to eat. The wood-carver Stojano of Java and Los Angeles for instance. He works in his studio for weeks at a time alone, refusing to see anyone. He will answer his telephone grudgingly and breathlessly, and say before you have a chance to state who you are or what you are calling about, "But I am busy. I am very busy working." Although he lives on the slenderest budget, when some time ago a woman of great wealth desired to buy one of his paintings, asking him to name any sum, he answered, "No. I can't sell you my painting, because you don't understand it." Every artist must be torn between hunger and heart-break at such moments,—the dilemma of the being who is both human and an artist.

Roberta Balfour has just completed an interesting portrait of Norman Miller, the young aviator whose flying was interrupted by a serious fall with his plane last May. He has left Carmel this week, to undertake work concerned with invention for a flying corporation in Hollywood.

The painting by Mrs. Balfour has caught in the face of the airman that expression of detachment which should become characteristic of a culture in which flying men look at mankind from heights and distances.



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THE CARMELITE, July 18, 1928

GENEROUS GIFT OF DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL TO THE CARMELITE

Dr. MacDougal believes in both journalism and science, and he has made the Carmelite a generous gift of a six months' subscription to any feature of the Science News Service it liked to choose. It has gratefully selected the "Science News-Letter," (a weekly summary of current science), and excerpts from the booklet will appear in this paper.

WHY THE WEATHER

By Charles Fitzhugh Talman

CLOUDS FORMED BY MOUNTAINS

When a stream of moist air is forced to ascend in passing over a mountain the air cools by expansion and some of its moisture may condense to form a "cloud cap" over the summit. In local weather lore such caps are generally regarded as portents of rain. These caps attached to mountains were called "parasitic clouds" by scientific writers of a century or more ago, and some curious explanations of them were proposed. Occasionally a "cloud banner" streams far to the leeward of the mountain.

One of the most famous and striking of cloud caps is the "Tablecloth" that spreads over Table Mountain, near Cape Town, when a moist wind blows in from the sea. Sometimes the local topography causes the wind that has swept over a mountain to form a second stationary wave to the leeward of the summit, and this may also be marked by a cloud, which like the cloud cap, presents a delusive appearance of permanence, while it is, in reality, in constant process of formation on the windward side and dissipation on the leeward. The two clouds thus formed, one over the summit and the other to the leeward, are often seen at Table Mountain, and are further exemplified in the celebrated "Helm and Bar" of Crossfell, in the English Lake District.

In the case of a wind blowing athwart a ridge or mountain range, a bank of cloud may form along the whole crest. Such is the "foehn wall" that appears along Alpine heights when the foehn wind is blowing.

—(Science Service.)

HAGEMEYER STUDIO AGAIN HOSPITABLE

A two weeks' exhibition of the paintings of Henrietta Shore at the Hagemeyer studio on Ocean Avenue will be opened with a preview on Saturday afternoon. At four o'clock there will be a recital of Norwegian music, both modern and of the folk, by Miss Elsa Naess. Miss Naess will appear in the authentic costume of her country, with its seven-yard skirt, hand-woven and hand-stitched. Miss Naess is a pianist of some distinction who has given recitals both here and abroad. All who are interested in the arts are invited to attend this program.

TO CARMEL WITH LOVE FROM HALCYON

Here comes a letter from Dora Hagemeyer who, with her two sons, is in the little southern town of Halcyon, in the house of Mrs. Maurice Browne:

Dear Carmelite,

It is always rather humiliating to know how well people can get along without you, even papers of which you are a quarter of the Editorial Board! Sometimes this very independence, however, will stir you into action.

Life is always up to something. First she will surround you with dust and weeds and prickles till you choke, then she will suddenly open the gates of heaven and pour a flood of beauty on you, till you drown.

We have heard vaguely of the Seed Farm ever since we came, but hearing that it was a good twenty minutes walk, we put it off. There seemed to be enough material on the hilltop where we are to provide the boys with sufficient fights to keep them occupied.

Today, however, we washed our faces and set out up the highway. The Fates smiled upon us and we got a ride as far as the bridge. Then a little walk along the road, and heaven opened!

When you have bought flowers by the half-dozen for years, extracting careful dimes from your housekeeping money, it is rather overwhelming to be suddenly confronted with acres of them!

Imagine a whole field of crimson verbena lined up beside half an acre of purple-velvet petunias, backed by giant poppies with heads as big as lettuces, blazing scarlet. Think of bathing your soul in pure colour! Think how dizzy you would feel, especially when you had accustomed yourself to the lack of it. Think of a whole acre of deep blue delphinium, intense as the water of the tropics under a vertical sun! Think of an acre of salpiglossis—all the subtle tones of that master of colour-makers, from purple, through the golds and bronzes to ivory-yellow!

Then get a perspective. Think of these carpets of blossoms stretched under the sky for miles and the sun on the hills behind them; a great protecting copper-brown mesa to the east, crowned with eucalyptus, like a great god chained there throughout eternity. Imagine the wind breezing over, mixing the perfumes, bringing them delicately, subtly, vividly, to your notice.

Satiated for once with enough colour, enough perfume, enough beauty, we start for home (and get another ride).

Sitting here at the desk, it is hard to believe that this is the same old room where we have worked so hard and accomplished so little for three weeks; and that these happy children eating bread and butter, are the young demons who have tormented peaceful Halcyon so long with the savage actualities of young blood.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

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Books . . .

Katherine Parrott Gorringe

SWAN SONG

by John Galsworthy

Charles Scribner's Sons

One hopes the name is a promise no less than a prophecy. This is the sixth novel, besides several connecting links of short tales, that deals with that characteristically British product—the Forsytes. Perhaps six books are twice too many to write of any one family, even when the tale is continued over three generations and a period of such complete volte face as the Victorian-modern-ultra-modern century. Or perhaps Galsworthy, standing too near the younger generation, cannot view them with the same detached, humorous and yet sympathetic comprehension which made him so completely successful with the older Forsytes. He has caught their 'patter,' their brilliant and polished exterior, the lack of counterpoise and continuity that produces what they proudly call 'their tempo,' but certainly he has not been able through them to duplicate that emotional appeal to the reader which is a characteristic of his earlier books and the earmark of an enduring novel.

It may be a personal opinion, it may be that encrustation of Puritanism which I am proud to acknowledge, that makes the resuscitation of Jon and Fleur's love-story seem to me far from successful. And in fact the flashing figure of Fleur, so meticulously drawn through three and a half volumes, will, I think, be forgotten long before the shadowy, plaintive, but memorable Irene, flitting through half as many pages.

Soames, of course, continues through this volume as the dominating character of the Saga. Brilliant Galsworthian flashes illuminate him, as when he lays a bet upon the English horse running against a French horse at Ascot, because, though constitutionally averse to gambling of any sort, "if it was against a Frenchman, he would do his best to help." But the character of Soames in the original three volumes was complete and final. It can only be re-expressed, re-emphasized. To my mind there is nothing more remarkable in the whole course of the English novel than the rehabilitation of Soames, culminating in his voluntary humiliation before Irene for the sake of his idolized daughter. His renewed and final sacrifice for her, smacking as it does a little of the sentimental and the obvious, is less significant; and its intended symbolism too cynical, too destructive, for the humanity that so finely flavors the whole series.

But having said so much, one reiterates that it is a novel by John Galsworthy—that is to say, drawn with distinction, expressed with dignity and beauty, and worth, in its universal application, a hundred Bad Girls, Hard-boiled Virgins or Daisies and Daphnes.



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A RUSSIAN POET AND EXPLORER

In one of Carmel's older studios, bare and barnlike, but looking one way to the Valley and the other to the sea, Alexis Massaineff sat and talked. Of American literature, which he characterizes as an "industry;" of Eugene O'Neill, whose Lazarus he had seen and frankly disliked; of Russia and Carmel; but chiefly of the South Seas. There, cruising in a small-tonnage boat among the Society and Poumoteu groups of islands, he collected those legends which he declares more beautiful than the Arabian Nights and in which, he thinks, is the true account of the disputed racial origin of the Polynesians. These he has embodied, partly in rhythmical prose, partly in verse, in two volumes published recently at Paris in both Russian and French, "Legends of Polynesia" and "The Legend of the Island of Mangareva." The first of these, as also a novel concerning Alexander I, is now being translated into English by Miss Camilla Daniels. And it was for the purpose of conferring with her, and also of elaborating for the American edition of his novel a theme that deals with John Quincy Adams, ambassador to the court of Alexander, that Massaineff came to Carmel. When this task is finished he means to take up again an unfinished novel of the South Seas, which re-tells the Taming of the Shrew in a Russian-Polynesian menage!

Besides his legends of Polynesia, Massaineff has some four or five volumes of verse to his credit. Before the war and occasionally during it, he went from city to city in Russia, sometimes with a poet-friend, sometimes alone, expounding his theory of poetry, which includes the expansion of the Russian language, and reciting his poems to enthusiastic audiences. He calls his poetry in general "an admiration of beauty;" but his greatest poem, "The Face of the Beast," takes its theme from the psychic disaster of war. In a symbolic drama of the Russian Revolution he has embodied all the hatred, disgust and despair of his own war experience. "For I was badly ruined by the war, but afterwards reformed," he says quaintly, leaving you to guess whether mentally, morally or physically! —K. P. G.

ADVENTURE IN TEXTILE DESIGN

In the shop of William Koch, interior decorator, Mr. Barry is conducting an exhibit of silken and velvet textiles, "Barryks."

The native of Java goes forth into the jungle and gathers roots and berries to mix his own dyes. Indigo and brown characterize the textiles of one section of the island; maroon reds and greens another. From a delicately modelled tiny copper cup, called a tjanting, he threads hot wax into a design upon his material. Then he dips the whole into his dye, the wax serving to guard the design-parts from color. If you compare the work of the Javanese native with that of the American craftsman, it must be

acknowledged that he far surpasses us in patience. For while we achieve swift and spectacular color richness, the Javanese artist will work for weeks and months over the most delicate intricacies of his design.

The textiles of Americans such as Barry, who is exhibiting in the Koch studios in Carmel this week, are exotic and luxurious. The raw silks are tonal in design, the velvets have a spectacular glow. There are wall hangings, evening wraps, and some of the painted silks are framed to be used as pictures.

ELSA NAESS, PIANIST, WITH "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

At the Golden Bough Friday and Saturday nights, Elsa Naess will appear between the showings of the feature picture, playing two groups of piano solos, chosen from Finnish, Russian, and Norwegian composers, as follows:

Elsa Naess has had concert appearances in Oslo, Brussels, Munich, Chicago, and San Francisco. Her work as one of the leading artists for the National Broadcasting Company Station in San Francisco is known by many who listen to the radio.	
Finnish Folk Song	Merikanto
Humoreske	Levinne
Pollichinelle	Rachmaninoff
Stenbukken	Monrad Johansen
Rensdyr	Monrad Johansen
Impromptu	Cleve
Etude	Neupert

HALLDIS STABELL LECTURES

The lecture on the Renaissance of the Human Body by Halldis Stabell last Thursday afternoon made some interesting points. It is difficult to speak convincingly of the difference in beauty between the body which moves in accord with the laws of posture, and that which violates these. But Miss Stabell's lecture was at accompanied by moving pictures showing bodies moving harmoniously and inharmoniously. And it was again evident that to the human perception, beauty is health, and ugliness ill health.

It would have been extremely interesting if Miss Stabell had shown the dreadful difference in beauty and ugliness between the body supported by the high spiked heel of present fashions, and that which rests upon a normal support. The unclothed body impaled upon the high spikes would have had a postural ridiculousness which is less evident when it evades the issue by appearing in clothing.

Miss Stabell showed the almost dance-like beauty of any simple movement, like the picking up of something from the floor, or the lifting of the arm, when it is a part of the right posture which is fundamental grace. Those who have been members of her classes in Posture and the Hygiene of Motion, gathered about afterward to attest to the importance and the helpfulness of her work, and to express their welcome to the announcement that these classes would be resumed by Miss Stabell in Carmel at once.

SUMMER

"I wonder why a rose is red,"

The lacewing said.

"I wonder why,"

Answered I.

"Lacewing, nor you nor I

"Put we all else and other by,

"And thought it out, and all rules try,

"Neither of us could reason why

"A rose is red. Content am I

"That it is red, so wondrously.

"And so am I!" the lacewing said.

—Lovat Fraser.

NEW BOOKS AT THE WOODSIDE LIBRARY

New Fiction

The Road To Heaven, by Thomas Beer.

The Sailor's Return, by David Garnett.

Swan Song, by John Galsworthy.

But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes, by Anita Loos.

Non-Fiction

Europe, by Count Hermann Keyserling.

Parents on Probation, by Miriam Van Waters.

The Tavern, by W. B. Yeats.

My Memoirs of Eighty Years, by Chauncey M. Depew.

Portraits in Color, by Mary Ovington White.



Miss Vahdah Kubert, who is to dance at the Hagemeyer studio next Wednesday evening the twenty-fifth. Miss Kubert danced in "The Miracle" in New York City, and has appeared in recital in Santa Barbara and other California cities. She is distinctly a modern.

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Absurdities . . .**THE DECLINE OF SWEARING**

Now that the younger generation have taken unto themselves the meatier and more vigorous oaths of the language, and the babes at their sandpiles can be heard uttering such shocking phrases as "*** **" and "**** ****" without turning a hair, we oldsters are on our mettle. If your old swear-words are worn out, we recommend a study of printer's proofs. These combine high temperature and high pressure power with unimpeded imagination. We select a few from the printer's proofs of the current number of the Carmelite: Juzzzd ff scyocca lwr (is, aiol, o zi! oceoc le'

It is only fair to add that Mr. XXX of the Seven Arts Press is the unaided author of these; and that as he is a member of the Union in good standing, we have quoted them unexpurgated.

NO NEWS

The cub reporter went to the City Hall for the town scandals, but the report was that Carmel is on good behavior. "The office is undergoing alterations, so there isn't any place to hold court unless something important comes. Gus and the Judge had some young man here this morning, but the case was dismissed as the young man sort of plead guilty."

FUNERAL SERVICES PRIVATE

Somebody came into one of the libraries the other day to ask for that book on 'Bridge' by Luis Rey. It was after this that Thornton got Wilder.

Our New York correspondent writes: "July ninth, hottest day in two years, so I'm not doing anything but putting off everything of importance."

Louisiana Hdwe Co Deer Fren. I get the valve witch I by from you, but why for gods sake you doan sen me handel. What the use the valve when she doan have no handel. Is my money not so good to you, as the other feller. I wate ten days and my customer he holler for water like hell for the valva. you know is hot summer and the wind he not blow the wheel you doan send me the handel pretty queek I send her back and i order some valva from kraine companies.

Goodby, your fren Antinio Giusepte Datra.

Since i write these i fin the goddam handel in the box. excuse me.

And to cap the climax of sweet absurdities there's Morris Ankrum, esquire, wearing his baby blue pancake of a beret cap rakish over an ear, strolling along Ocean avenue with hands in pockets, and peering about into every corner for material for his next cast.

Whitney's . . .

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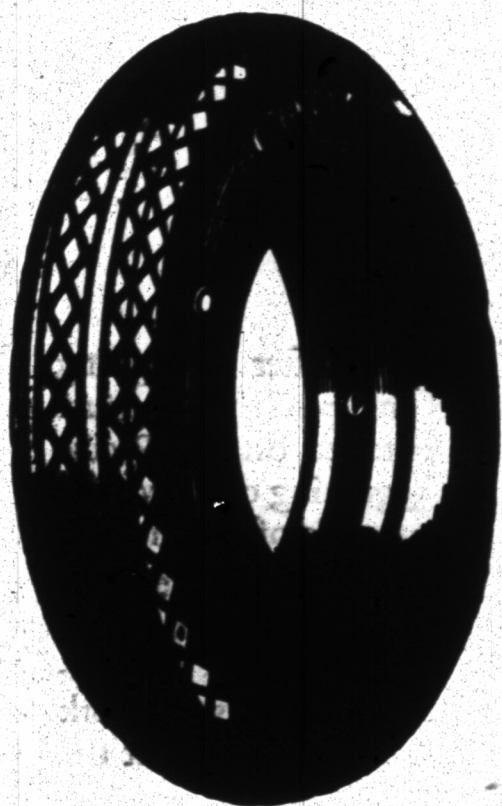
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